

KRS-One Lyrics

"I'm On The Mic"

[Intro:]

When you least expect it
(This is just one style)

[Verse 1:]

We back up in this piece like yeast to bread
Underground you gotta find me like an Easter egg
No need to beg, I hit the club hard on the red
While you check for CDs I'm sellin' books instead
I travel the country by car, by foot and leg
What's worse than being behind is being ahead
Prophetic visions of President Jeb
Five storms hit Florida on his head and nobody said
"What's the meaning of this? It's like God is dead"
In the minds of the people hanging onto a thread
You gotta go where your heart is led
I spit truth but some cats, they just got the hardest head
As you can see, I'm artist-led
I take it to the black, to the green, and to the darkest red
I write, recite and of course go off the head-top
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, man - don't forget that

[Chorus:]

KRS and I'm on the mic
(Class is in session, so you can stop guessin')
KRS and I'm on the mic
This is just one style
KRS and I'm on the mic
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everybody
KRS and I'm on the mic
Listen

[Verse 2:]

Here's the mission, plain and straight
We gotta nurture and develop what we create
Hip-hop is our activity on the planet
Today it's just an album; tomorrow they examine it
In the future, someone's crammin' fast
'Cause they want at least a B in their hip-hop class
I ain't even askin' you how
If our ancestors built nations, why you ain't buildin' one now?
Technology is not civilization
Civilization is not about the tools that you're making
You have an opportunity, at a new stop
Truly living hip-hop is a chance at a new park
You can play a new part: Develop new DVDs, new books, new art
Open new food marts with hip-hop food charts and food carts
Playing 2Pac while you shop (Do it)

What's the sense of being a recording artist
At a recording company for a year or two
If after the third or fourth year they can't even hire you?
In fact there is really nothing there for you
If your life is not a can of goo
Hip-hop is not a product; hip-hop is me and you
What I spit will see you through
I'm freein' you with knowledge of G-O-D in you

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]
Foot soldiers, let's go - we got this
The freedom to be really you that's what hip-hop is
What can we really do? Reach for the top, kid
Those that seek the bottom they shot stop and lock, kid
We the inevitable, most credible
And most are leaning back with the terrible squad
Here to beat knock hard, this is the real truth
Everything I spit be backed up with real proof
Welcome to the underground
Don't look for me in the mainstream, this is a whole 'nother sound
Sound set we rock music in the streets
In the schools and over the Internet
Feel it yet? You ain't hear me yet
You ain't really ready to get near me yet
Y'all fear and fret

[Chorus]